

HAMPDEN FREEMAN.

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HAMPDEN FREEMAN:

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to the Editor, and be accompanied by the name
of the contributor.

Job, Card, and Fancy Printing
EXECUTED WITH CARE AND DESPATCH
AT THIS OFFICE.

SELECTED TALE.

From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.

ALICE RAYMOND:

A Tale of Real Life.

BY EDITH ELWOOD.

"Can I do for you, which shall not speak
of my own weakness?"—*Schiller.*
"I cannot speak for myself, without ac-
knowledging my weakness."

The sun was slowly sinking in the western
heavens, tinging the waters with a golden hue.
A breeze stirred the white sails of the little
ship—no sound was heard, save that low
murmur of the ocean which tells of perpetual
motion. The deep tones of the sailors' voices
were hushed, and an unusual shade of blue
plainly denoted that something more than
the usual incidents of a sailor's life was
working on their feelings. Alice's death was
near.

On a low couch lay a woman, whose worn
and emaciated features showed that the hand
of suffering had lain heavily upon her. A
young girl looked in upon her, and with low
voice and a grey-haired man was reading in
mute tones from the Book of Life. Soon
she heard the voice of supplication, and the
prayer of the dying. A moment before him,
with the eye of faith she might look beyond
the ark stream of death, that the arm of God
might sustain her in the awful hour; and for
that angelic girl he prayed most earnestly that
the gentle of the Covenant would send
the dew of healing to her stricken spirit, that
the widow and the fatherless would be
the widow and the fatherless, and the mother's
full heart responded "Amen!" The young
girl sobbed aloud, and the hardy sailors wiped
their weather-beaten cheeks, the tears
which did honor to their hearts.

"The moon shone brightly over the waters—
the fish breves sprung up, and the galleon
went proudly on, but she bore the death
dolor."

Alice Raymond was one of those golden
girls which seem to glow for this cold world.
Affectionate and confident, relying entirely on
her mother, her own energies had never been
called into action. Her frank spirit and child-
like simplicity won the love of all whose be-
liefs were not debased by the corruptions of
this world. Her father had been wealthy,
and had spared no care or expense in her
education. He was a noble-minded man,
one of the stern, righteous of our land.
Mrs. Raymond was well fitted to be the com-
panion of such a man. Her refined and ele-
gant mind, and her accomplished manners,
qualified her to adorn the highest circles of so-
ciety. It is not strange that, under the care of
her parents, Alice Raymond grew as sweet
a flower as ever blossomed in the chill atmos-
phere of this world.

Mrs. Raymond was engaged in the mercan-
tile business in Boston, but during a time of
ill health, a dishonest partner, and losses by
fire, made serious inroads in his fortune, till
at the time of his death it was found that but
a few thousands remained for his wife and
daughter. It was a severe blow to Mrs. Ray-
mond, this severing of the dearest of earthly
ties, but with that resolution and strength of
mind which had ever characterized her, she met
the reverse of fortune, disposed of her
furniture, receiving only her musical
instruments, several paintings and statues, the
favorites of Mrs. Raymond, together with a
well-assorted library, and having rented a
pleasant dwelling, removed thither, with her
daughter, but not sixteen.

Now, indeed, it was the time of trial. One
by one former acquaintances ceased to call, and
as neither Mrs. Raymond nor Alice went into
society, they were soon left alone, and their
existence seemed entirely forgotten. This
Mrs. Raymond, from her knowledge of the
world, had partly foreseen, but to Alice it was
a mystery; yet she complained not, for her
mother was left her, and she constituted her
sole world. But the shock had been too
great for Mrs. Raymond, and grief for her
husband's loss had planted the seeds of an in-

curable disease in her constitution. When her
pains had given place to a hectic glow, Alice
bathed the flushed cheek and brightening
eye as tokens of returning health; but the
feeble step and wasting form of her mother told
her how cruelly she had deceived herself. She
besought her mother to obtain medical aid,
and an eminent physician was consulted.
How coldly fell his words on the loving heart
of Alice! Heavily, for he was not a hard
man, he said that the case was one of much
doubt; that he might perhaps afford temporary
relief, but nothing besides a warmer climate
would effect a cure.

Well did Mrs. Raymond know there was no
remedy for her disease, and for a time she re-
luctantly accepted the entreaties of Alice, for their
little fortune was wasting away, and she thought
of the destitute condition of her child. But Al-
ice, with the perfect selfishness of her na-
ture, thought not of this—her mother's life was
all she asked, and at last Mrs. Raymond
consented to a voyage to the South. Changes
of air seemed for a time to benefit her, but the
hand of death was upon her, and anxiously
she prepared to return. For herself she com-
plained not, for her spirit yearned for the de-
parted, but when she thought of her desolate
child, a pang of agony, such as none but a
mother can feel, would rend her heart. Yet
trusting in the promise of Him who "tempers
the wind to the shorn lamb," and asking only
to be laid by the side of her husband, she pa-
tiently awaited her departure. The captain,
touched by the meekness of the mother and
the sorrow of the daughter, complied with the
request of the former, and the body was not
committed to the deep. On the second day
after the death of Mrs. Raymond, the vessel
reached the city, and Alice, accompanied by
the old man and their fellow passengers, con-
veyed her mother's remains home, from which
they were soon carried to their last resting-
place.

"God bless you, my child!" said the old
man, who was now about to depart; "God
bless you, my child, and may the spirit of your
angel mother be with you! I, too, go to re-
pose by the ashes of the departed; but you,
my child, are young, and life may be long for
you. But, whatever may be the sorrows of
earth, remember that Heaven has a balm for
every one."

The old man departed, and Alice felt that
she was, indeed, alone. For some time she
yielded to the violence of her grief, but you
soon perceived that she must arouse herself.
It was now twenty years since her father's death,
and what little money then remained was al-
most gone. For the first time she felt her own
strength of mind—the energies which during
her mother's life had lain dormant—were now
exerted. She was an excellent musician, and
was proficient in several languages; she there-
fore determined on the situation of teacher in
some seminary, or governess in a private
family. Extremely sensitive, she shrank, on
consideration, from the former and more diffi-
cult station, and nothing remained but the
latter.

But should she apply to those in whose fam-
ilies she had formerly been received as an
inmate? Her pride revolted from such an
idea. At length, as she was looking over the
papers, she read an advertisement of a lady in
New York who wished to obtain a governess.
She addressed the initials as directed, and al-
most immediately received the answer of her
drawing, embroidery, Italian and French, the
use of the piano and harp, also to instruct the
smaller children in the common branches, and
for this she would receive a salary of three
hundred dollars. Alice sighed as she thought
of her manifold duties, and the slight com-
pensation she received, but instantly accepted the
terms.

Alice Raymond stands in the richly furni-
shed apartment of Mrs. Nelson, and as she en-
counters the cold and scrutinizing glance of
that lady, an icy chill seems to fall upon her
heart, and her slight frame trembles like the
aspen.

"Miss Raymond, I suppose," said Mrs.
Nelson; "my daughter, Louisa, and Miss
Douglas, my niece," she continued, glancing
at two young ladies before her.

Louisa gracefully bent her head, and Miss
Douglas arched her brows still more haughti-
ly and made the slightest possible nod.

"Louisa, you may show Miss Raymond her
room, and return immediately. When you have
arranged your toilet, Miss Raymond," she
added, "you may return, and I will tell
you more particularly what I expect of you,
so that you may commence your instructions to-
morrow."

When Alice reached her room, she threw
herself into a chair, and burst into an agony
of tears.

Mrs. Nelson was a vain, ignorant, cold-
hearted woman. In early life she was accus-
tomed to poverty, but without that contented

spirit and nobleness of mind which gave dig-
nity to the most humble circumstances. With
her rising fortunes, her wrong feelings be-
came lost, and fashion was her only theme.
"Patrician and plebeian," "aristocracy and
canaille," were the words she most frequen-
tly used, and her greatest fear was that her chil-
dren should mingle with the lower orders of
society, by which she meant those not as rich
as herself.

Mrs. Nelson was a good-natured man, but
except in providing money for his wife to
spend, he was rather an egotist; his fam-
ily than a member of it. Louisa, his oldest
daughter, was a girl naturally possessed of
good qualities, but, under the instruction she
had received, had become a most motherly
counterpart.

Emily Douglas was the daughter of Mrs.
Nelson's brother, and since the death of her
parents had resided with Mrs. Nelson, who was
her guardian. She was very beautiful, but
her beauty was not of the kind. Haughty,
vain, and extremely selfish, as she was, she
had the art of concealing her bad qualities, and
appearing amiable and fashionable in society.

Sweet Alice Raymond! How her young
heart beat as she entered the room, and again
encountered these fascinating glances! Mrs.
Nelson surveyed the most promising sister of
Alice with evident satisfaction, and proceeded to
give the promised directions. The young girl's
spirit quickened when she heard that the
haughty Miss Douglas was to be her pupil.

Morning came, and Alice commenced her
duties. Besides the two young ladies, she
had the charge of two girls, nine and twelve
years of age. Weeks passed on in the same
painful routine, aggravated by the insolence
of Miss Douglas, and the tyranny of Mrs.
Nelson, who was continually finding some-
thing for Alice to do.

Sweet Alice Raymond, what a doom is
yours! Oh, how you yearn for sympathy! The
tones of kindness would fall upon your
stricken spirit like dew upon a withering flower.
But there are none to whom you can
pour out your troubled heart—for you there
is no balm in friendship—not but you are the
happy creature, the spirit-soothing commu-
nication—not for you is the gay unbending of
the soul, the sparkling eye, and the laughing
lip. You are alone amidst many—there is the
worst of all solitude—the solitude of the heart.

But stifle these emotions—bushy-voiced
murmur. Unseen influences are around
you to comfort and to save. Hark! a voice
from the past! "Dreamer, awake! Impress
upon thy soul the real, and regulate thy
ardent spirit no more with the story ideal."
Then shall disappointment lay its heavy
hand more lightly on thy heart, and its icy
hand shall less congeal thy life blood. Re-
member the words of that good old man,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven does not heal."

During the winter, Mrs. Nelson determined
on giving a grand party, and preparations were
accordingly made.

"What shall we do for our dresses?" said
Louisa; "for Miss Easton is so gay she can-
not make them."

"Let Alice make them," returned Mrs.
Nelson.

"But she has so much to do," replied the
daughter.

"She is paid for it," was her unfeeling
answer, and Alice was called and ordered to
make the dresses.

The appointed evening came—the guests
arrived. Beauty and wealth and fashion were
there. Louisa and Miss Douglas were the
gayest of the gay, but Alice sat in her lonely
room. Mrs. Nelson was bent on gratifying
her guests as much as possible, so she insisted
that Alice should come in mid party. How
strangely sounded the voice of revelry in her
ears! She reached the door just as Emily
Douglas sat down to the instrument. Her
execution was tolerable—she was warmly
praised, and with an air of exultation was led
to her seat. Mrs. Nelson now called on Alice,
and with a composed but gentle look she crossed
the room and struck the keys of her own
piano, which now graced the parlor of Mrs.
Nelson. With trembling fingers she com-
posed a prelude, but, pitying her condition,
she struck the keys with a firmer hand. Soon
she sent forth rich bursts of music, mingled
with her own sweet voice. The song was of
wild and touching pathos, and had been com-
posed by Alice in her moments of sadness—
The notes swelled, then died away in a soft,
melodious cadence, then swelled again as if
the spirit of the musician was burning from
its tunic of clay. She ceased, and not a
word was spoken. Some were attracted by
the music, and to others she was only the gov-
erness.

But as she arose, and was leaving the room
she met a glance of sympathy, a look of in-
terest, that thrilled her heart, and sent the rich

color to her cheek. A noble looking young
man was standing near Miss Douglas. Dur-
ing the performance of Alice, he listened with
the most intense interest, his handsome fea-
tures betraying his emotion, and as she turned to
leave the instrument, her eyes met his, and he
saw that sorrow had wrung those touching
notes from that fair young creature.

"Who is that lovely girl?" said he to Em-
ily.

"Only our governess," she replied, with a
slight toss of the head.

"What is her name?" he continued.

"Alice Raymond," she answered.

"Alice Raymond—Alice Raymond," he
repeated, and then, as if a sudden recollection
had crossed his mind, he added—"Miss Dou-
glas, will you favor me with an introduc-
tion?"

"Really, Mr. Ellington," she replied, in a
tone of surprise, "you are quite romantic."
You have not fallen in love with a governess!"

Alice had left the room, and returned no
more.

Emily Douglas, beware! Those scornful
words are breaking the web you have woven
so much pain to weave!

The party of Mrs. Nelson was splendid—
one of the best of the season. "That young
girl was a good singer—pity she was only a
governess!" "How thoughtful it was of
Mrs. Nelson to have her play!" But the
chief attraction was the pale, young foreigner.
He seemed quite devoted to Miss Douglas.

So said the guests the day after the party, as
they made and received calls.

Augustus Ellington was a native of Eng-
land. He was a man of splendid talents, and
his mind was adorned with all those virtues
which dignify human nature. He was a man
of splendid talents, a lawyer, and by intense
application to his profession had seriously im-
paired his constitution, so, lying aside books
and parchment, he went to regain his health.
He had looked up the value of sunny France,
he had trod the classic soil of Greece, he had
walked the deserted streets of the Eternal City,
and had now come to visit America, the
land of his departed mother.

He had met with Emily Douglas several
times at parties, and was struck with her
beauty and pleasing manners. She perceived
the effect she had produced, and, proud of the
attention of the dignified young man, ex-
ercised all her powers of pleasing, and till
the evening of the party, had succeeded very well;
but the scornful tones in which she spoke of
Alice made a deep impression on Ellington.

He called the next morning. She was all
smiles—in spoke of Alice, and her brow was
shaded. For several days he called, hoping
to meet Alice, but in vain. "At length he ob-
served that perhaps Miss Raymond would
play, and was told that she was particularly
engaged. Emily Douglas had lost her in-
fluence over him, and as there was no chance
of meeting Alice, he ceased to call at Mrs.
Nelson's.

He saw at once the painful situation of
Alice, for the kind old man who was with her
at the time of her mother's death, was the
grandfather of Ellington, and from him he had
learned her former history. As he was pass-
ing along one day, he met an acquaintance.

"Whither so rapidly, Dr. Willis?" he in-
quired.

"To Mr. Nelson's," he replied; "there is
a sweet angel dangerously ill there."

"May I inquire who it is?" asked Elling-
ton, with interest.

"Alice Raymond, their governess," replied
Willis, "and I fear sorrow has leavened the cause
of her illness."

"I will not detain you now," said Elling-
ton, "but when you return I will call—I
have something to tell you," and they sepa-
rated.

Alone in her room lay Alice, but she was
unconscious of her situation. Her overtasked
nerves had given away, and a raging fever
set in. Long had she struggled with her fate,
till she sunk down in utter hopelessness—
Delirium set in, and she talked and moaned
incessantly. "Mother!" she would exclaim,
"mother do not leave me—take me with you,
mother!" and would, indeed, most have
been the heart which would not now united
at the tones. Sometimes she would fancy she
was on the ship with her dying mother, and
she would call on the old man to save her.

"You are kind," she would say; "do not
let them tear me from my mother!"

Again she would sing the most plaintive
songs, then call on her father, and then, as if
for a moment conscious, she would press her
hand upon her eyes, as if to shut out all
earthly sights. A tear dimmed the eye of the
kind-hearted Dr. Willis as he looked on the
suffering girl, and turning to Mrs. Nelson, who
accompanied him into the room, he told her
that the utmost care was necessary to save the

life of Alice—that a crisis was at hand, and
after a moment's hesitation, he added that as
the event would probably be decided before
morning, perhaps she would like to have Mrs.
Willis call and remain during the night.

Mrs. Nelson gave her consent, for she was
proud of the acquaintance of the wealthy and
fashionable Mrs. Willis.

The tears gushed from the eyes of his young
wife as Dr. Willis told her of the danger of
Alice, and when Ellington related her sad his-
tory, she sobbed like a child.

The Nelsons were not among the associates
of Dr. Willis and his wife, but they perfectly
understood the character of the family, and it
was resolved that as soon as she was able,
Alice should be removed to their own house,
and there remain until she recovered.

Tenderly, and with a sister's care, did Mrs.
Willis watch the sufferer, gently did she press
the burning brow and hold the soothing cup to
her parched lips.

"Cold!" he would exclaim; "they look
coldly on me! I would not have you—
speak kindly, and my mother will bless you."
Then, gazing earnestly into the tearful eyes,
and sweet, girlish face of Mrs. Willis, "Who
is it that loves the orphan?" she murmured,
and sunk into a quiet slumber.

"She knows not what she is saying," ob-
served Mrs. Nelson, whose conscience was
rather uneasy.

Alice slept long and sweetly, and when she
awoke, the gentle Mrs. Willis was bending
over her with looks of love. She closed her
eyes for an instant, and the warm tears
sufficed the veiling lids.

The Doctor took her hand. Her pulse was
regular, and with care Alice Raymond might
live.

In a few days she was removed to the abode
of her kind friends, and her strength gradually
returned, but a settled melancholy still taken
possession of her. She was conscious of the
kindness of her friends, and expressed her
gratitude most touchingly. Ellington was a
frequent visitor at the house, and though she
always met him with a smile, for she seemed
to remember his first look of kindness, she
rarely ever conversed with him, and when
she did, it was with such sad and touch-
ing tones that it pained his heart to hear her.

Select companies were invited, rides were
planned, and everything was done to divert her
mind from its gloom, but in vain, and it was
feared that reason had forsaken her throne—
Mrs. Willis wept as she looked on the sad,
sweet face of Alice, and Ellington was deeply
moved, for he felt more tender emotions than
pity for the gentle girl. Poor Alice! The
cold looks and taunting words to which she
had been accustomed had fallen like a blight
upon her young spirit, and the fountains of
happiness were sealed.

At the suggestion of Ellington, it was
resolved to take her on a sea voyage. Accord-
ingly they set out, accompanied by Ellington
and one or two other friends. In a
short time she began to appear as if comforted
by some indistinct recollection, and as a lady
on board happened to be ill, they took her to
the room. She gazed curiously at the sick
woman, and then, as if overwhelmed by the
memory of the past, she laid her head on the
shoulder of Mrs. Willis, and wept. Her reason
was completely restored.

They continued their voyage, and it was
found that Alice had loved her for her misfor-
tunes, they were no less pleased and charmed
by her gentle manners and well-informed
mind, and ere their return, Alice Raymond
was the betrothed bride of Ellington.

It is needless to describe the rage of Mrs.
Douglas or the ill-timed remarks of Mrs.
Nelson when the news reached them.

Ellington soon left for England, arranged
his business so as to make Aurora his future
home, and in a few weeks after his return,
Alice became his happy bride.

The Two Old Men.

BY L. C. T.

It was a day of holy rest—a bright and beau-
tiful Sabbath.

At the sound of "the church-going bell,"
hurrying feet sped with alacrity to the ap-
pointed places for the worship of God.

Among those consecrated places of worship
was one fair and goodly church—it matters
not to the reader whether it was of brick, stone,
or marble—it was an edifice "meet for the
Master's use." There sat the grave and the
gay, the devout and the devout, awaiting the
entrance of the officiating clergyman.

Fellow-pilgrims, here they have met to-
gether for a brief moment, to enjoy rest and
refreshment on this oasis in the world's desert;
here they may quaff from the pure fountain of
Truth; here they may gain strength for their
pilgrimage heavenward.

The gods and glaze of earth, the pomp and circumstance of the wicked world are excluded from the holy place where man humbles himself in the presence of his Maker, and learn his duty to his fellow-man.

An aged man, leaning upon a staff, slowly totters through one of the long aisles. His spectacles, suspended about his neck, remind one of *Lucifer*, as he went to martyrdom. The venerable stranger has passed on, nearly the whole length of the aisle, and no hospitable door is opened, no one bids him be seated.

And now, another old man, whose hair is like the hoar frost, passes up the same aisle with rapid steps. Surely benevolence has given him the sturdiness of youth! He is about to offer the aged stranger a seat in his own pew.

Alas, no! He rushes by the feeble old man, enters his pew, carefully fastens the door, and then kneels—and prays.

The stranger leans upon the pew-door, covers his face with his handkerchief, and—does he weep? God forbid!

Why does he stand in the aisle, while the other guards his pew as though it were a besieged castle?

Ah, there is a vast difference, in the eyes of the world, between these two men. The poor sheep from which the coat of the aged stranger was made had the misfortune to be covered with very coarse wool. Did his fellow-sheep of finer wool despise and avoid him on that account? Silly sheep! They had not an inkling of man's worldly wisdom, and did not discriminate between a covering of aristocratic fineness and one of plebeian coarseness. But the old man, the pew owner, knows the difference. He comprehensively smooths his fine beaver hat as he places it carefully under the seat, and contrasts it with the hat of muskrat or some other low quadruped, which intrudes itself over the pew door—but whose owner has no right to place in the House of God!

Alas! Has it come to this! The religious whose distinctive faith was, that the "poor had the gospel preached to them"—has it come to this?

"From all blindness of heart; from pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and from all uncharitableness;" solemnly sounds from the lips of the clergyman.

The rich old man audibly responds, "Good Lord, deliver us." "From all inordinate and sinful affections; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil." Again the rich man loudly responds, "Good Lord, deliver us." The poor man also responds, "Good Lord, deliver us."

Aside from the sheep's wool and the muskrat of which both pensioners upon the bounties of the Creator have availed themselves, aside from these, and a few other externals, what, was the mighty difference between these two "grey vagabonds to eternity"? Were they not born equally dependent and helpless? Have they not alike felt "the ills that flesh is heir to"? Is not the unerring darts of Death already aimed at both of them? Will they not soon lie down together beneath the green sod? But their souls—their never-dying souls! There may be the infinite difference between them. God knows. We can follow them no farther.

HAMPDEN FREEMAN.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849.

Whig State Convention.

At Worcester, Wednesday, Oct. 2, to nominate candidates for Governor and Lieut. Governor. Towns are requested to send three times as many delegates as they send Representatives to the General Court, and towns not entitled to a Representative every year, are desired to send two delegates.

Whig County Convention.

THE Whigs in the several towns in the Hampden Senatorial District are requested to send delegates equal to twice their Representatives in the Legislature, to a Convention to be held at Springfield, on Wednesday, Oct. 10th, 1849, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Town Hall, to nominate two candidates for Senators from this District, and to choose a Whig County Committee for the ensuing year.

HENRY VOSSE,
Chairman of the Whig Co. Com.
Springfield, Sept. 11, 1849.

Situation of Parties.

Since the days of Adams, Jackson and Crawford, when the political parties were entirely disorganized, and dissension prevailed throughout the land, we have been, for the most part, under the domination of the Jackson or demagogue party. That party has been supported at the South as well as at the North, by active partisans; among whom may be reckoned Van Buren, Isaac Hill, Charles G. Atherton, and a host of other northmen, who have labored night and day, and with might and strength to keep the rule, or (as we should say) the *misrule*. Under that domination, Florida, Louisiana, and many other States with their legions of slaves, have been admitted into this Union without a dissenting voice from the ranks of the Democrats.

In the latter days, under the rule of King James K., Texas was admitted to participate in the joys of *liberty and equal rights*, she brought slaves and a place where slavery will flourish with her. Yet not one word of dissent, except in the ranks of the Whigs, while on the other hand, the ostensible reason for

her recognition and admission, was to extend slavery. Van Buren favored this measure upon the same grounds, and we did not hear of a protest. A war was commenced, a war of conquest! which was supported by Van and denounced by the Whigs. The principal motive which incited to this war, was *the desire for slave territory*.

From the foregoing, we can only arrive at the conclusion, that the Democratic party has in fact and in deed upheld slavery from Jackson's time to the present, and that the Whigs have deplored its existence, and have endeavored at all times to alleviate the condition of the human race. For this, that John Q. Adams manfully braved the current of Southern principles, supported as they were by Van Buren and his clique of Northern dough-faces.

Henry Clay's letter against the annexation of Texas, is another example of his decided stand taken by the Whig leaders against the encroachments of the slave power. But it seemed almost useless for the Whigs to contend. The offices were filled with the minions of Locofocoism. Every portion of the land was canvassed, and money was expended in profusion to ensure the success of the demagogues. What could the Whigs do, after the defeat of such men as Henry Clay, Webster and Adams—but go into the very midst of Slavery, and select a man of honesty—a man of northern education, and consequently of northern principles? It was only a turning of the tables, by enlisting a southern man with northern principles, instead of a northern man with southern principles, and it was the only alternative left to ensure the triumph of the Whig party. They did so, and were successful.

Some of the old Whigs were dissatisfied with the nomination, but for what reason we will not undertake to say. We will not say that Charles Allen was induced by selfish interest to "bolt;" although he was cloistered with a gang of Democrats at the Philadelphia Convention. We ascribe it to his fears that Gen. Taylor would be an out-and-out slavery man.

Meantime Van Buren, influenced somewhat by his reverential feelings, but more by Taylor's popularity, endeavored to divide the Whig party upon the provision. How he succeeded is well known. How he is now striving to unite the free-soil men with the old Democratic party, is also becoming well known.

That men should enlist in the cause of freedom is not surprising; but that they should longer follow that two-faced lion, Van Buren, is indeed astonishing. The Whigs of Vermont, when interrogated as to whether they would do thus, have earnestly answered No. The Whigs of Rhode Island and Maine have done the same, and we are sanguine in the hope that the free-soil Whigs of Massachusetts in consideration of the past conduct of the two great parties will be induced to repudiate the "cunning fox" and give their support to the Whig party, and to Gen. Taylor, of whom they need have no fears.

Free Soil State Convention.

A few dissipated persons met at Worcester on the 12th instant, and formed themselves into a conventional body, under the lead of Charles Sumner, who made a speech. Wm. Jackson, of Newton, was appointed president, supported by ten vice-presidents and four secretaries.

Three doctors, who were without practice in their profession, were appointed a committee to bleed the poor deluded members by taking a contribution. How much was obtained has remained a secret, though it is very certain that there was not three bowls full.

Mr. Aaron Burlingame, of Boston, argued that no slaveholder should have office, because all the offices were wanted by Northern men, and that the Northern should not associate with the Southern, because the latter have been black men, and might contaminate the wives and children of the former!

In the afternoon Mr. Sumner read the "Address to the People of the Commonwealth," but the people of the Commonwealth were not there to hear. Sad pity!

Next came the resolutions, reciting the Buffalo platform, with variations. We have not space to notice them at present.

The committee reported for Governor, the *gentleman* Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, and for Lieut. Governor Johnny Mills, of Springfield, who were nominated by three spats of the hands of Allen Bange, of Springfield, and Burlingame of Boston.

The "last Adams" was whimpering most of the day, but made out to wind up the speaking, by proving his deceased father a liar! and endeavoring to prove that the principles of the "old man eloquent" were rotten to the core.

Fire!

On Saturday night last, a fire was discovered in the store of Theodore E. Falmagne, in that part of our "New City" known as the "Patch." The store with the goods and books, together with an adjoining building of two stories, the first used for a bowling alley, and the second for a clothing store and dwellings, was burnt. Also five shanties. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Total loss \$2200.

Compliments.

We have received many flattering compliments respecting the appearance of our little sheet, but which we extract the following as specimens—

"The present number is filled with well-written and selected articles; and the editor manifests the true newspaper tact. In these smaller papers, one is not troubled with the gas verbiage to be found in the mammoth sheets, but gets the oil of all matters of interest, which is far more palatable to the genuine Yankee reader. One medium-size paper is worth three of the levitation class."—*Capitola Mirror*.

For neighbor of the *Springfield Republican* speaks of our paper as follows:

"The sheet is small, very neatly printed, and edited with taste, tact, and talent."

The editor of the *Hartford Courant*, in his notice of the "Freeman," says,

"The specimen before us is well got up."

"It is of respectable size, printed with new type, and presents a decided and most agreeable appearance. Wm. J. Morgan, an old friend of ours, and a young man of enterprise and ability, is the (senior) publisher, and will doubtless make the Freeman a respectable family paper. We advise the citizens of Hadley Falls to give it a hearty support!"—*Leicester Falls (Me.) Journal*.

"I" Thank you, friend Waldron. And we probably mean *Ireland Depot* will heed your good advice.

"In consequence of the misdirection of many of our exchanges, we are compelled to remind them again that they should direct to *Ireland Depot, Mass.*, as that only is recognized as the place where they should send their favors to Hadley Falls, and they are liable to be sent to the other side of the river; others to 'West Springfield, Ireland Depot,' and they go to the West Springfield office first. 'Ireland Depot, Mass.' is the only proper address."

For the Hampden Freeman.

"An hour will elapse, with pleasure to relate your sorrowful past, as benefits of late. Endure the hardships of your present state. Live, and reserve yourselves for better times."—*Virg.*

The man of wealth, he never so villainous and rascally—though he may have uttered heaven, and stirred up the dogs of the bottomless pit, for the acquisition of his lucre—looked upon with envy, by many of his fellow-beings. This, is nowhere more true than in our Republic, where equality in the rights, and liberty the right of its people.

There is a step in the estimation of community, where illiterate, gamblers, and the vilest of the vile dwell in security, which the poor but honest man cannot occupy, because he has not cleared his neighbor, nor ground the face of the poor.

In such society, (and such is the most common in our midst) money is the test of talent and merit, and the want of it—the test of meanness and vulgarity.

An illustration occurred to me a few evenings since as I was wending my way to my place of retirement. A young mechanic had received an invitation (probably an overture) to attend a gathering of the elite in the parlors of one of our moneyed Nobility. Being somewhat curious to ascertain the meaning of this unexpected condescension, he resolved to attend and join in the silly effluvia, which usually ensues such a party. He entered the room, the busy organ was hushed, and the ill-mannered group of self-styled aristocrats stared with amazement at this unexpected apparition. With Fiddlesick, with glass at eye, was the first to break the embarrassing silence, by inquiring: "Who is that?" Then came exclamations of "How insufferable!" "And in such genteel society, too!" from all parts of the room. The young gentlemen with curled hair and moustache of elegant proportion, could only lap, "How eggs-scratching!" and their little noses turned with ineffable disdain, to snuff "What! I imagine 'was nothing more than paint or otto of roses."

Our young friend, though embarrassed, was not baffled. He still retained his presence of mind, and when the disgusting remarks had ceased, he remarked that he had "received an invitation to visit," as he supposed, a decent family; that he came "with the hope of gaining good," and if possible to impart pleasure; but being well assured that he could do neither, he would respectfully take his leave, and left the house with his indignation fully aroused.

It was in this state of mind that I found him. His rage and vexation would not allow him to converse with propriety, and I advised him to remain silent. But it was of no use. His pent-up feelings must have vent, and I let him, fully resolved to give my advice upon pain not only to him, but to all young men who are poor, and think for that reason that the world slights them.

To such young men I would say, struggle! struggle honestly! The scorn of the miserable world will not harm you! Be saving and prudent, and money will be yours. And when you arrive at the goal of your wishes as you surely will, remember that you once was poor!

Correspondence of the Freeman.

WINDSOR, Vt., Sept. 11, 1849.

DEAR EDITOR.—Again I incline to you from the "Morning Star," with feelings improved, and with feelings deeply enlisted in favor of the people who have given me a hearty welcome, and whose hospitality is proverbial. I have wandered many a weary mile through different portions of this Union; yet never have I witnessed such true-hearted generosity, such displays of noble sentiment, as in this rural but enlightened state. My journey of twenty-six miles from Bellows Falls to this place was truly delightful. The ever-changing scenery of the Connecticut valley, as we pass through in the rattling train—one moment presenting the breeding crop and the dark ravine, the next changing to the green hills, or beautiful lake, through which, in the dim distance, may be seen the summit of a giant mountain, robed in "azure hue," presents a variety which cannot fail to interest the coldest imagination.

The town of Windsor is one of the many flourishing districts in this portion of the state. The village is traversed by a wide and pleasant street, upon either side of which are many elegant mansions of modern structure. It was here that the General Court held its session, in the "old days," and the wisdom of the state were wont to congregate. The District and Circuit Courts are still held here, and usually occupy about two days in "reading the docket," and continuing cases—when they adjourn their *arduous labors* until the next term.

Here was the residence of Tom Emerson, the noted bankrupt, who was president of the old Windsor Bank. His mansion was lately occupied by Belknap, the contractor, whose failure and decease have cast a gloom over the prospects of the Vt. Central Railroad.

Here is also the residence of Horace Everett, for fourteen years a whig member of congress, but now a radical and fanatic free-soil man. But he has not so much influence upon either party as the great quantity of snuff he takes has upon his own oblivious brain.

It was not my design, when I commenced this sheet, to give you a description of persons, but to tell you of a journey to Mt. Ascutney, which is situated to the west of the village, and rises to the elevation of 4,000 feet.

Yesterday, in company with three companions, I set out to visit this conical-shaped monster. We rode almost three miles, to the base of the mountain, where we left our horses at the house of a farmer, and then commenced the ascent of three miles, (by the path), before we could reach the summit.

We were assured that we should find an excellent spring at the "half-way place," where we intended to "lunch." We went cheerfully on for a long way, and (as we supposed) arrived nearly to the spring, when the weakest of our party began to show symptoms of exhaustion, and declared that he would go no farther. Your friend "Rover," who you recollect, being accustomed to such exercise, went on "ahead," to find the long desired party found. I clambered on, over rock and prostrate tree, until my undoubted patience was almost wearied. At last, when I had seriously begun to think that I had taken the wrong path, I came suddenly upon the coveted spot, and then I sent back a "hurra!" to my lagging comrades, that was worthy of Senator Himes. Their low ebb came feebly up from below, and then all was silent, unbroken by a single sound for many minutes, till I was aroused by the loud breathing and useless fault-finding of my friends. A second hour of mope, and they were with me and down by the gushing stream, drinking as if life depended upon the cooling draught.

We were soon strengthened by rest and our lunch, and were again on our way up the hill. We pursued our course with a more moderate step, and at last arrived at the summit, when the glorious prospect that met our eyes occasioned a round of "three times three" to burst spontaneously from our lips. No words of mine can express the sensations I experienced, at beholding the glorious panorama spread out before us. The mountain seems to form the centre of a wide and deep basin. The smaller hills, when viewed from our elevated position, sink into insignificance, and the country on all sides rises from the very base of the mountain at an inclined plane, until it is blended in the distance with the horizon. Ascutney seems like a giant reposing, and all the surrounding hills seem to bow in adoration before it.

To the north, at the distance of twenty miles, may be seen Norwich and Hanover, while the valley of the river can be traced for miles and miles beyond. At the southeast appears the pretty village of Claremont, N. H., at the distance of nine miles, and with our good glass we could distinguish men and animals in the streets. Beyond C. the hills rise.

"Like cloud on cloud," until Washcut hides the view. The river winds along at our very feet, appearing like a belt of variegated colors, as it reflects the green trees, or the cloudless sky. The barest fields, some of them relieved of their harvest, and others ready for the sickle, appear like golden spots on the pretty map, which is spread out at our feet.

When we had feasted ourselves with this

sublime display of the Creator's hand, and the hour had come when

"The sunny hill the shade extends," we commenced our descent, which was, as so fatiguing as the ascent, and arrived at a farmer's in season to escape a slight shower, which had formed very suddenly. I entered a very animated conversation with a worthy lady, in the dwelling of the farmer. She had resided in the shadow of Ascutney for forty years, and began to relate the legends of the neighborhood; but she was cut short by the entrance of a third person, who appeared to be about fifty years of age, and whom I addressed by the appellation, "Mrs." She said I was welcome to her house and all it contained, but she thought me not to call her Mrs. for she was married, and did not care to be so called. She was somewhat old, she thought she as smart as many young ladies she met who had been to the top of "Cutsey" many as three times every year since she could remember. This was a "clinch" and really caused a blush to mantle the cheeks of my female friend, who came so near "tipping up the ship" in the morning.

After satisfying the honest farmer for trouble we had occasioned him, and receiving the blessing of the old lady, and even the "maid," we returned to the "Windsor House" well satisfied with our tramp.

The view from Mt. Washington is grander than from Ascutney; but it wants the cultivated fields, the river, and the neat villages fill out the picture. I advise all lovers of the beautiful, who can make it convenient, to visit Ascutney.

I go still further north, and you shall hear from me again, unless I am compelled to leave from the "stone home" for wanderers hence Windsor. Yours in haste,

Elections.

FOURTH DISTRICT.—Returns from all but one town have been received, and it is certain that there has been no choice. The majority against John G. Palfrey, is 604. Each candidate has gained upon the June vote, the Whig candidate gaining the most. Thompson, (Whig) gains 403, Palfrey (F. S.) 392, and Robinson, (Whig) 178. We wonder the Cambridge clique remains in good spirits.

VERMONT.—We have now returns from all the towns in Vermont but eight, and the result for Governor is as follows: Coolidge (Whig) has 23,675. Nesbitt (Conservative) 22,835. Clark (F. S.) 3,198. Coolidge has only 78 votes of having a majority are both. In the eight towns yet to hear from, the last year was 243 Whig, 71 Leeco, 411 Van Buren, which shows a majority against the Whigs of 29. Should they come in as before, Coolidge—according to our returns, will lack 117 votes of being elected by the people. Under all the circumstances, the Whigs of Vermont have achieved one of the greatest political victories on record. All hail to them. We believe a Governor has not been elected by the people in Vermont, since 1840.

Alas.

MAINE.—We have returns of the Governor from 133 towns, which give Hamlin (W.) 16,834; Hubbard (D.) 18,303; Talcott (F. D.) 4,340. Majority against Hubbard, 689. There is probably no choice by the people. The Whigs have probably chosen twelve Senators, which will give them a majority in that branch of the legislature. So far ahead from 47 Whigs and 33 Democrats have been elected to the House of Representatives. This is a net gain of 4 whigs.—*Rep.*

TEXAS.—P. H. Bell, of Texas, recently elected Governor of that State, is claimed as a Whig, although he had supposed him to be a Leeco. The Richmond Whig has received a letter from Henderson, Texas, which states that at the election, the issue was not a political one, that Mr. Bell is a Whig, and that the Leeco were very much surprised and mortified at the event of his election.—*Id.*

KENTUCKY.—The new House of Representatives stands 57 Whigs and 42 Leeco and 1 (probably Leeco) to come in. The Senate is strongly Whig, making the Whig majority on joint ballot about 80. We don't pretend that any instructions to Messrs. Clay and Underwood to side with Calhoun on the question of extending slavery can be got through the Senate. The Convention stands 47 Whig, 32 Leeco, 1 (Casey C.) reported a slave. Slavery was afraid to trust itself in the hands of a Whig majority.—*Tribune*.

Progress of the Cholera.

At Boston, 10th, 17 deaths for the previous 48 hours. On the 11th, 15 deaths.

At Bangor, for the 30 hours ending Monday morning, there were 21 deaths. For the 24 hours ending on Monday evening, 24 deaths. On Tuesday, 16 deaths. The disease had broken out among the soldiers at Old Fort, it is computed that 4000 persons have left Bangor since the cholera appeared there.

In Philadelphia, there were, 16 deaths from cholera last week.

At Buffalo, the total number of deaths from cholera has been about 1000, of which number 800 were foreigners.

At Milwaukee, the whole number of cases of cholera from July 1st to August 30th, was 900, of which 104, or fifty per cent. of the whole, proved fatal.

